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~~Harrisburg, Aug. 9, 1847~~

Dear Wife — Harrisburg Aug 9, 1847

59 On Saturday morning, Douglass and I bade farewell to our kind friends in Philadelphia, and took the cars for this place, the capital of the State, a distance of 100 miles. Before we started, an incident occurred, which evinced something of that venomous pro-slavery spirit which pervades the public sentiment in proportion as you approach the borders of the slave States. There is no distinction made at Philadelphia in the cars, on account of complexion; though colored persons usually sit near the doors. Douglass took a seat in one of the back cars before I arrived; and while quietly looking out at the window, was suddenly accosted in a slave-driving tone, and ordered to "get out of that seat," by a man who had a lady with him, and who might have claimed the right to eject any other passenger for his accommodation with as much propriety. Douglass quietly replied, that if he would make his demand in the form of a gentlemanly request, he would readily vacate his seat. His lordly commander at once laid violent hands upon him, and dragged him out. Douglass submitted to this outrage unresistingly, ~~in the spirit of non-resistance~~, but told his assailant that he behaved like a bully, and therefore precluded him (D.) from meeting him with his own weapons. The only response of the other was that he would knock D's teeth down his throat, if he repeated the charge. The name of this man was soon ascertained to be John A. Fisher, of Harrisburg, a lawyer; and the only palliation (if it be one) that I hear offered for his conduct is, that he was undoubtedly under the influence of intoxicating liquor. This was a foretaste of the violence to be experienced on our attempting to lecture here, and which I anticipated even before I left Boston.

Though the cars (compared with our Eastern ones) look as if they were made a century ago, and are quite uncomfortable, yet the ride was far from being irksome, on account of the all-pervading beauty and opulence of the country through which we passed, so far as a fine soil and natural scenery are concerned. We passed through the counties of Philadelphia, Chester, Lancaster, and a portion of Dauphin; and through the whole distance, saw but a single spot that reminded us of our rocky New-England. Arriving at 3 o'clock, we found at the depot, awaiting our coming, Dr. Rutherford, an old subscriber to the Liberator, and his sister-in-law, Agnes Crane, both of them true and faithful to the anti-slavery cause in the midst of a perverse and prejudiced people; and also several of our colored friends, with one of whom, (Mr. Wolf, an intelligent and ~~active~~ worthy man,) Douglass went home, having previously engaged to do so; while I went with Dr. Rutherford, and received a cordial welcome from his estimable lady.

The Court House had been obtained for us for Saturday and Sunday evenings. Hitherto, nearly all the anti-slavery lectures have failed to gather any considerable number together; but, on this occasion, we had the room filled, some of the most respectable citizens being present. At an early period of the evening, before the services commenced, it was evident that mischief was brewing, and an explosion would ultimately follow. I first addressed the meeting, and was listened to, not only without molestation, but with marked attention and respect, though my remarks were stringent, and my accusations severe. As soon, however, as Douglass rose to speak, the spirit of rowdyism began to show itself outside of the building, around the door and windows. It was the first time that a "nigger" had attempted to address the people of Harrisburg in public, and it was regarded by the mob as an act of unparal-

leled audacity. They knew nothing at all of Douglass, except that he was a nigger. They came equipped with rotten eggs and brickbats, fire-crackers and other missiles, and made use of them somewhat freely — breaking panes of glass, and soiling the clothes of some who were struck by the eggs. One of these bespattered my head and back somewhat freely. Of course, there was a great deal of yelling and shouting, and of violent exclamation — such as "Out with the damned nigger," &c. &c. The audience at first manifested considerable alarm, but I was enabled to obtain a silent hearing for a few moments, when I told the meeting that if this was a specimen of Harrisburg decorum and love of liberty, instead of wasting our breath upon the place, we should turn our back upon it shaking off the dust of our feet &c. &c. Wm Lloyd Garrison

Dear Husband Mr L Garrison

Sir I am about leaving in the Cars for Pittsburg and I had to get a friend to close his Letter

Mrs G

We were well pleased with the beast of Your Husband for his place

I will come

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HARRISBURG
AUG 10
Pa.

Wm L Garrison
Boston
Massachusetts